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NATURE.

CLEARLY shine the skies of evening,
Shadows long and longer grow,
Cool and humid airs are stealing
From the woods and valleys low.

And the tall, old trees around me,
Hark, they rustle with delight,
Shake their leaves and sigh: how pleasant
And how fresh it is to-night!

Drops of dew like pearls are shining
In the level sunset beams,
And along the little valleys
Rush the icy, bubbling streams.

Come, oh, come and walk among us,
Where the wood her coolness spreads!
We will spin a net around thee—
Soft and green the silken threads.

We will fan away the sorrow
From thy forehead, from thy mind,
Visions sweet of consolation
In our shadow thou shalt find.

From the woodland, coolness breathing,
And delight, on either hand,
Forth I wander, by the margin
Of the mighty deep I stand.

On the surface of the waters
Purple sun-rays lightly dwell,
Touch with gold the waves of azure—
'Tis the dying day's farewell!

And across the waves of azure,
Softly as they shine and sing,
Glides a sail that floats and flutters,
Flutters like a great, white wing.

O'er the quiet waves of azure
Swims a little, tiny boat;
O'er the quiet waves of azure,
Sweet and pure, young voices float.

Voices young and clear are singing
Of the fisher in his bark,
With the angry billows fighting,
In the tempest, in the dark:

Of the seaman sailing, sailing,
Sailing o'er the waters blue
To the land for ever sunlit,
Dwelling of the good and true.

Free and happy and united,
One great family are they:
Ties of love and bands of friendship
Growing stronger day by day.

"Cheer, boys, cheer! the sail is swelling
In the breezes fresh and free,
And our little ship is floating
Like a feather o'er the sea!"

"Clouds are low, and with the tempest
And the billows we must cope . ."
And themselves the sweet young voices
Answer: Forward still—with hope!

Young, sweet voices, I am list'ning,
Voices, I am singing too!
Deep within my heart awaken
Strength and joy and ardours new.

Sweet as water to the fevered,
 On my heart refreshing fall
 Hope's cool drops—O songs and waters,
 Winds and trees, I thank you all!

Bees and flow'rs and waving grasses,
 Take my thanks, I pray you, take!
 For my heart, since you have soothed it,
 For a while has ceased to ache.

THE JEWISH CHILD¹.

IN the airless gloom and darkness,
 Where no sunlight falls,
 Dost thou mark the blind-worm yonder
 Where he crawls?

In the earth the worm in darkness
 Had his birth,
 And his lot: to crawl for ever
 In the earth.

Worm-like, in the dark and helpless,
 All the undefiled
 Years of childhood thou art passing,
 Jewish child!

By the cradle-side, thy mother,
 Rocking thee,
 Sings no song of peace, of gladsome
 Liberty;

Of the gardens, of the valleys,
 Where, the livelong day,
 Free as air, the rosy children
 Laugh and play.

¹ The original was taken from the *History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, by L. Wiener.